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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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G. W. ELKIN,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POPULAR FABLES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. II.

A Trial by Jury.

CONTINUED.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the men sat in perfect silence, as if they were collecting their thoughts, or, as though they were undecided to show any haste or impatience to speak. This grave sort of deliberation, which is met with among certain classes, and in certain provinces of the Union, has often struck me as a curious feature of our national character. It partakes of the stolid dignity of the Indian at his council fire, and of the stern, religious gravity of the early puritan settlers in America.

During this pause Bob was writing on his chair like a worm, his face concealed by his hands, his elbows on his knees. At last, when all had drank and smoked, the judge laid down his cigar.

Men! said he. Squire! answered they. We're a business before us, which I calculate will be best explained by him whom it concerns. The men looked at the squire, then at Bob, then at me.

Bob Rock! or whatever your name may be, if you have aught to say, say it! continued the judge.

Said all yesterday, muttered Bob, his face still covered by his hands. Yes, but you must say it again to-day. Yesterday was Sunday, and Sunday is a day of rest, and not of business. I will neither judge you nor allow you to be judged, by what you said yesterday. Besides, it was all between ourselves, for I don't reckon Mr. Rivers as any thing; I count him still as a stranger.

What's the use of so much palaver, the thing's plain enough? said Bob peevishly, raising his head as he spoke.

The men stared at him in grave and mute astonishment. He was really frightful to behold; his face was of a sort of blue tint—his cheeks hollow—his beard long and ragged—his blood-shot eyes rolling, and sunk in their sockets. His appearance was scarcely human.

I tell you again, said the judge, I will condemn no man upon his own word alone; much less you who have been in my service, and eaten of my bread. You accused yourself yesterday, but you were delicious at the time—you had the fever upon you.

It's no use, squire, said Bob, apparently touched by the kindness of the judge. You mean well, I see; but though you might deliver me out of men's hands, you couldn't rescue me from myself. It's no use—I must be hung—hung on the same tree under which the man I killed lies buried.

The men, or the jurors, as I may call them, looked at one another, but said nothing.

It's no use, again cried Bob, in a shrill agonized tone. If he had attacked me, or only threatened me; but no, he didn't do it. I hear his words still, when he said, Do it now! I've wife and child. What you intend brings no blessing on the door. But I heard nothing then except the voice of the devil; I brought the rifle down—levelled—fired.

The man's agony was so intense, that even the iron-fisted jury seemed moved by it. They cast sharp, but stolen glances at Bob. There was a short silence.

So you have killed a man? said a deep bass voice at last.

Ay, that have I! gasped Bob.

And how came that, asked the questioner.

How it came? You must ask the devil or Johnny. No, not Johnny, he can tell you nothing; he was not there. No one can tell you but me; and I hardly know how it was. The man was at Johnny's and Johnny showed me his belt full of money.

Johnny! exclaimed several of the jury.

Ay Johnny! He reckoned on winning for that; and when Johnny had plucked all my feathers, won my twenty dollars fifty—

Twenty dollars fifty cents, interposed the judge, which I paid him for catching mustangs and shooting game.

The men nodded.

And because he wouldn't play, you shot him? asked a deep toned voice as before.

No—some hours after—by the Jacinto near the Patriarch—met him down there, and killed him.

Thought there was something out o' the common there, said one of the jury: for as we rode by the tree a whole nation of kites and turkey buzzards flew out. Didn't they, Mr. Heart?

Mr. Heart nodded.

Met him by the river, and cried halves of his money, continued Bob mechanically. He said he'd give me something to buy a quid, and more than enough for that, but not halves. I've wife and child, said he—

And you? asked the juror with a deep voice.

which this time, however, had a hollow sound in it. Shot him down, said Bob with a wild hoarse laugh.

For some time no word was spoken. And who was the man? said a juror at last. Didn't ask him; and it wasn't written on his face. He was from the States; but whether a hosier, or a buckeye, or a mudhead, is more than I can say.

The thing must be investigated, Alcalde, said another of the jury after a short pause.

It must so, answered the Alcalde.

What's the good of so much investigation? grumbled Bob.

What good? repeated the Alcalde. Because we owe it to ourselves, to the dead man, and to you, not to sentence you without having held an inquest on the body. There's another thing which I must call your attention to, continued he, turning to the jury; the man is half out of his mind—not *compos mentis*, as they say. He's got the fever, and had it when he did the deed; he was urged on by Johnny, and maddened by his losses at play. In spite of his wild excitement, however, he saved that gentleman's life yonder, Mr. Edward Nathaniel Rivers.

Did he so? said one of the jury.

That did he, replied I, not only by saving me from drowning when my horse dragged me, half dead and helpless, into the river, but also by the care and attention he forced Johnny and his mulatto to bestow upon me. Without him I should not be alive at this moment.

Bob gave me a look which went to my heart. The tears were standing in my eyes. The jury heard me in deep silence.

It seems that Johnny led you on and excited you to this? said one of the jurors.

I didn't say that. I only said that he pointed to the man's money bag, and said—But what is it to you what Johnny said? I'm the man who did it. I speak for myself, and I'll be hanged for myself.

All very good, Bob, interposed the Alcalde; but we can't hang you without being sure you deserve it. What do you say to Mr. Whyte? You're the procurator—and you, Mr. Heart and Mr. Stone! help yourselves to rum or brandy; and Mr. Bright and Irwin, take another cigar.

They're considerable tolerable the cigars—aint they? That's brandy, Mr. Whyte, in the diamond bottle.

Mr. Whyte had got up to give his opinion as I thought; but I was mistaken. He stepped to the side board, took up a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, every movement being performed with the greatest deliberation.

Well squire, said he, or rather Alcalde—After the word Alcalde, he filled his glass half full of rum.

If it's as we've heard added he pouring about a spoonful of water on the rum, and Bob has killed the man—he continued, throwing in some lumps of sugar—murdered him—he went on, crushing the sugar with a wooden stamp—I rather calculate—he concluded, putting the tumbler to his mouth and emptying it.

The jurors nodded in silence. Bob drew a deep breath, as if a load were taken off his breast.

Well, said the judge, who did not look over well pleased: if you all think so, and Bob is agreed, I calculate we must do as he wishes. I tell you quite, I don't do it willingly. At any rate we must find the dead man first, and examine Johnny. We owe that to ourselves and to Bob.

Certainly, said the jury with one voice.

You are a dreadful murderer, Bob, a mighty considerable one, continued the judge; but I tell you to your face and not to flatter you, there is more good in your little finger than in Johnny's whole hide. And I'm sorry for you, because, at the bottom, you are not a bad man, though you've been led away by bad company and example. I calculate you might still be reformed, and made very useful—more so perhaps, than you think—Your rifle's a capital good one.

At these last words the men all looked up, and threw a keen inquiring glance at Bob.

You might be of great service, continued the judge encouragingly, to the country and to your fellow citizens. You're worth a dozen Mexicans any day.

While the judge was speaking Bob let his head fall on his breast, and seemed reflecting. He now looked up.

I understand, squire; I see what you driving at. But I can't do it—I can't wait so long. My life's a burden and a sufferin' to me. Wherever I go, by day or by night, he's always there, standing before me, and drivin' me under the Patriarch.

There was a pause of some duration. The judge resumed.

So be it, then, said he with a sort of suppressed sigh. We'll see the body to-day, Bob, and you may come to-morrow at ten o'clock.

Couldn't it be sooner? asked Bob impatiently.

Why sooner? Are you in such a hurry? asked Mr. Heart.

What's the use of palaverin' said Bob sulkily. I told you already I'm sick of my life. If you don't come till ten o'clock, by the time you've had your talk out and ridden to the Patriarch, the fever'll be upon me.

But we can't be flying about like a parcel of wild geese, because of your fever, said the procurator.

Certainly not, said Bob, humbly.

It's an ugly customer the fever, though, Mr. White, observed Mr. Trace; and I calculate we ought to do him that pleasure. What do you think squire?

I reckon he's rather indiscreet in his askin', said the judge in a tone of vexation. However, as he wishes it; and if it is agreeable to you, ad-

ded he, turning to the Ayuntamiento; and as it's you, Bob, I calculate we must do what you ask. Thankee, said Bob.

Nothing to thank for, growled the judge.

And now go into the kitchen and get a good meal of roast beef, d'ye hear? He knocked upon the table. Some good roast beef for Bob, said he to his negress who entered; and see that he eats it. And get yourself dressed more decently—Bob—like a white man and a Christian, not like a wild redskin.

The negress and Bob left the room. The conversation now turned upon Johnny, who appeared from all accounts to be a very bad and dangerous fellow; and after a short discussion, they agreed to lynch him, in backwoodsman's phrase, just as coolly as if they had been talking of catching a mustang. When the men had come to this satisfactory conclusion, they got up, drank the judges health and nine shook us by the hand and left the room and house.

The day passed more heavily than the preceding one. I was too much engrossed with the strange scene I had witnessed to talk much.

The judge, too, was in a very bad humor. He was vexed that a man should be hung who might render the country much and good service if he remained alive. That Johnny the miserable cowardly, treacherous Johnny, should be sent out of the world as quickly as possible, was perfectly correct, but with Bob it was different.

In vain did I remind him of the crime of which Bob had been guilty—of the outraged laws of God and man—and of the atonement due. It was no use. If Bob had sinned against society, he could repay his fault much better by remaining alive than by being hung, and for any thing God would avenge it in his own good time.

We parted for the night, neither of us convinced by the other's arguments.

We were setting at breakfast the next morning when a man dressed in black, rode up to the door. It was Bob, but so metamorphosed that I scarcely knew him. Instead of the torn and bloodstained handkerchief round his head he wore a hat; instead of the leathern jacket a decent cloth coat. He had shaved off his beard, too, and looked quite another man. His manner had altered with his dress; he seemed tranquil and resigned. With a mild and submissive look he held out his hand to the judge who took and shook it heartily.

Ah, Bob! said he, if you had only listened to what I had so often told you! I had those clothes brought on purpose from New Orleans, in order that on Sunday at least, you might look like a decent and respectable man. How often have I asked you to put them on, and come with me to meeting to hear Mr. Bliss preach? There is some truth in the saying, that the coat makes the man.

With his Sunday coat, a man often puts on other and better thoughts. If that had been your case only fifty times in the year you'd have learned to avoid Johnny before now.

Bob said nothing.

Well, well! I've done all I could to make a better man of you. All that was in my power.

That you have, answered Bob, much moved—God reward you for it!

I could not help holding out my hand to the worthy judge; and as I did so I thought I saw a moistness in his eye, which he suppressed, however, and turning to the breakfast table, bade us sit down. Bob thanked him humbly and declined saying that he wished to appear fasting before his offended Creator. The judge insisted, and reasoned with him, and at last he took a chair.

Before we had done breakfast our friends of the preceding day began to drop in and some of them joined us at the meal. When they had all taken what they chose, the judge ordered the negroes to clear away and leave the room. This done he seated himself at the upper end of the table, with the Ayuntamiento on either side and Bob facing him.

Mr. Whyte, said the Alcalde, have you as procurator any thing to state?

Yes Alcalde, replied the procurator. In virtue of my office, I made a search in the place mentioned by Bob Rock, and there found the body of a man who had met his death by a gunshot wound. I also found a belt full of money, and several letters of recommendation to different planters, from which it appears that the man was on his way from Illinois to San Felipe, in order to buy land of Colonel Austin, and to settle in Texas.

The procurator then produced a pair of saddle-bags, out of which he took a leathern belt stuffed with money, which he laid on the table together with the letters. The judge opened the belt and counted the money. It amounted to upwards of five hundred dollars, in gold and silver. The procurator then read the letters.

One of the corregidores now announced that Johnny and his mulatto, had left their house and fled. He the corregidor, had sent people in pursuit of them; but as yet there were no tidings of their capture. This piece of intelligence seemed to vex the judge greatly but he made no remark on it at the time.

Bob Rock!

Bob stepped forward.

Bob Rock, or by whatever other name you may be known are you guilty or not guilty of this man's death?

Guilty! replied Bob in a low tone.

Gentlemen of the jury, will you be pleased to give your verdict? The jury left the room. In ten minutes they returned.

Guilty! said the foreman.

Bob Rock, said the judge solemnly, your fellow-citizens have found you guilty; and I pronounce the sentence—that you be hung by the neck until you are dead. The Lord be merciful to your soul!

Amen! said all present.

Thank ye, murmured Bob.

We will seal up the property of the deceased, said the judge, and then proceed to our painful duty.

He called for a light, and he and the procurator and corregidores sealed up the papers and money.

Has any one aught to allege why the sentence should not be put in execution? said the Alcalde, with a glance at me.

He saved my life, judge and fellow-citizens, cried I, deeply moved.

Bob shook his head mournfully.

Let us go, then, in God's name, said the judge.

Without another word being spoken we left the house and mounted our horses. The judge had brought a Bible with him; and he rode on a little in front, with Bob, doing his best to prepare him for the eternity to which he was hastening. Bob listened attentively for some time; but at last he seemed to get impatient, and pushed his mustang into so fast a trot, that for a moment we suspected him of wishing to escape the doom he had so eagerly sought. But it was only that he feared the fever might return before the expiration of the short time he had to live.

After an hour's ride, we came to the enormous live oak distinguished as the Patriarch. Two or three of the men dismounted and held aside the moss-covered branches which swept the ground, and formed a complete curtain round the tree.

The party rode through the opening thus made, and drew up in a circle beneath the huge leafy dome.

In the center of this ring stood Bob, trembling like an aspen-leaf, and with his eyes fixed on a small mound of fresh earth, partly concealed by the branches and which had escaped my notice on my former visit to the tree. It was the grave of the murdered man.

A magnificent burial place was that: no poet could have dreamt or desired a better. Above the huge vault with its natural frettings and arches; below, the greenest freshest grass; around, an eternal half light, streaked and varied and radiant as a rainbow. It was imposingly beautiful.

Bob, the judge, and the corregidor, remained sitting on their horses, but several of the other men dismounted. One of the latter cut the lasso from Bob's saddle, and threw an end of it over one of the lowermost branches; then unspooling the two ends, formed them into a strong noose, which he left dangling from the bough. This simple preparation completed, the Alcalde took of his hat and folded his hands. The others followed his example.

Bob, said the judge to the unfortunate criminal whose head was bowed on his horse's mane; Bob we will pray for your poor soul, which is about to part from your sinful body.

Bob raised his head. I had something to say, exclaimed he, in a wondering and husky tone—something I wanted to say.

What have you to say?

Bob stared around him; his lips moved but no words escaped him. His spirit was evidently no longer the things of this earth; Bob said the judge again, we will pray for your soul.

Pray! pray! groaned he. I shall need it.

In slow and solemn accent, and with great feeling, the judge uttered the Lord's Prayer. Bob repeated every word after him. When it was ended—

God be merciful to your soul! exclaimed the judge.

Amen! said all present.

One of the corregidores now passed the noose of the lasso round Bob's neck, another bound his eyes, a third person drew his foot out of the stirrups, while a fourth stepped behind his horse with a heavy riding whip. All was done in the deepest silence; not a word was breathed; not a foot-fall heard on the soft-yielding turf. There was something awful and oppressive in the profound stillness that reigned in the vast enclosure.

The whip fell. The horse gave a spring forward. At the same moment Bob made a desperate clutch at the bridle, and a loud Hold! burst in thrilling tones from the lips of the judge.

It was to late; Bob was already hanging.

The judge pushed forward, nearly riding down the man who held the whip and seizing Bob in his arms, raised him on his horse, supporting him with one hand, while with the other he strove to unfasten the noose. His whole gigantic frame trembled with eagerness and exertion. The procurator, corregidores, all in short, stood in open-mouthed wonder at this strange proceeding.

Whisky! whisky! Has nobody any whisky? shouted the judge.

One of the men sprang forward with a whisky flask, another supported the body, and a third the feet of the half-hanged man while the judge poured a few drops of the spirit into his mouth.

The gravel, which had not been taken off, had hindered the breaking of the neck. Bob at last opened his eyes and gazed vacantly around him.

Bob said the judge, you had something to say, hadn't you about Johnny?

Johnny, gasped Bob; Johnny.

What's become of him?

He's gone to San Antonio, Johnny.

To San Antonio! repeated the judge, with an expression of great alarm overspreading his features.

To San Antonio—to Padre Jose, continued Bob; a Catholic. Beware.

A traitor, then! muttered several.

Catholic! exclaimed the judge. The words he had heard seemed to deprive him of all strength. His arms fell slowly and gradually by his side, and Bob was again hanging from the lasso.

A Catholic! a traitor! repeated several of the men; a citizen and a traitor!

So it is, men! exclaimed the judge. We've no time to lose, continued he in a harsh hurried voice; no time to lose, we must catch him.

That must we, said several voices or our plans are betrayed to the Mexicans.

After him immediately to San Antonio! cried the judge with the same desperate hurried manner.

To San Antonio! repeated the men pushing their way through the curtain of moss and branches. As soon as they were outside, those who were dismounted sprang into the saddle, and without another word, the whole party galloped away in the direction of San Antonio.

The judge alone remained, seemingly lost in thought; his countenance pale and anxious, and his eyes followed the riders. His reverie, however, had lasted but a few seconds, when he seized my arm.

Hasten to my house, cried he; lose no time, don't spare horse-flesh. Take Ptoley and a fresh beast; hurry over to San Felipe, and tell Stephen Austin what has happened, and what you have seen and heard.

But judge—

Off with you at once, if you would do Texas a service. Bring my wife and daughter back.

And so saying, he literally drove me from under the tree, pushing me out with hands and feet. I was so startled at the expression of violent impatience and anxiety which his features assumed that, without venturing to make further objection I struck the spurs into my mustang and galloped off.

Before I had got fifty yards from the tree, I looked round. The judge had disappeared.

I rode full speed to the judge's house, and thence on the fresh horse to San Felipe, where I found Colonel Austin, who seemed much alarmed by the news I brought him had horses saddled; and sent round to all the neighbors. Before the wife and step-daughter of the judge had made their preparations to accompany me home, he had started with fifty armed men in the direction of San Antonio.

I escorted the ladies to their house, but scarcely had we arrived there, when I was seized with a fever, the result of my recent fatigues and sufferings. For some days my life was in danger, but at last a good constitution, and the kindest and most watchful nursing, triumphed over the disease. As soon as I was able to mount a horse, I set out for Mr. Neal's plantation in company with his huntsman Anthony, who, after spending many days and riding over hundreds of miles of ground in quest of me, had at last found me out.

Our way led up past the Patriarch, and as we approached it, we saw innumerable birds of prey, and carrion crows circling round it, croaking and screaming. I turned my eyes in another direction; but nevertheless, I felt a strange sort of longing to revisit the tree. Anthony had ridden on, and was already hidden from view behind its branches. Presently I heard him give a loud shout of exultation. I jumped off my horse, and led it through a small opening in the leafage.

Some forty paces from me the body of a man was hanging by a lasso from the very same branch on which Bob had been hung. It was not Bob, however, for the corpse was much too short and small for him.

I drew nearer. Johnny! I exclaimed. That's Johnny!

It was, answered Anthony. Thank Heaven, there's an end of him!

I shuddered. But where is Bob?

Bob? cried Anthony. Bob?

He glanced toward the grave. The mound of earth seemed to me larger and higher than when I had last seen it. Doubtless the murderer lay beside his victim.

Shall we not render the last service to this wretch, Anthony? asked I.

The scoundrel! answered the huntsman. I won't dirty my hands with him. Let him poison the kites and the crows!

We rode on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNOR DORR'S REPLY.

The following is the able and noble reply of Mr. Dorr to the question put by the court:—"Prisoner, what have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced against you?" It exposes the unfairness and injustice of the trial, and carries with it the strongest evidence that it comes from a man conscious of the justice of his cause and the rectitude of his course.

"The Court have, through their officer, addressed to the Defendant the usual question, whether he have anything to say why sentence should not now be pronounced upon him. I have something to say, which shall be brief and intelligible to the Court, though it must be necessarily unavailing. Without seeking to bring myself in controversy with the Court I am desirous to declare to you the plain truth.

I am bound, in duty to myself, to express to you my deep and solemn conviction that I have not received, at your hands, the fair trial by an impartial jury, to which by law and justice I was entitled.

The trial has been permitted to take place in a county where to say the least, it was doubtful whether the Delt. could be tried according to the law of the State; and in a case of doubt like this, he had ought to have had the benefit of it, especially as the trial here must be in a county to which the Delt. was a stranger, in the midst of his most excited political opponents.

All but one of those freeholders, 108 in number, who were summoned here for the purpose of selecting a jury to try the Delt., were of the opposite party in the State, and were deliberately set against the Delt. with the feelings of partisan hostility. The single democratic juror was set aside for having expressed an opinion. Of the drawn jurors, 10 in number, two only were members of the democratic party; and one of them

for cause, and the other for alleged cause was removed.

Every one of the jury finally selected to try the Deft, was, of course, a political opponent.

And even so constituted, the jury were not permitted to have the whole case presented to their consideration. They were not, as in capital, if not in all criminal cases, they are entitled to be permitted to judge of the law and of the fact. The Deft. and his Counsel were not permitted to argue to the jury any matter of law.

The Court refused to hear the law argued to themselves, except on the question whether treason be an offence against a State or against the United States.

The Court refused to permit the Deft. to justify himself by proving the Constitution, the election, and the authority under which he acted; or to permit him to produce the same proofs in order to repel the charges of malicious and traitorous motives made in the indictment, and zealously urged against him by the council of the State.

By the charge of the Judge, the jury were instructed that the only question which they had to try was whether the Deft. intended to do the acts, which he performed—a question of capacity rather than of motives and intentions.

It is true that the jury were absent more than two hours; but not for deliberation. One of them was asked, immediately after the verdict was delivered and the jury was discharged, whether they had been detained by any disagreement. He replied, "we had nothing to do." The Court has made everything plain for us.

On hearing a bill of exceptions to the verdict, the Court promptly overruled all the points of law.

The Court also denied to the Deft. an opportunity of showing to them that three of the jurors, before they were empanelled, manifested strong feelings, and had made use of vindictive and hostile expressions against him personally; after the Deft. had established by his affidavit the fact that he was not informed of this hostility of feeling and expression before they were empanelled, and with regard to two of them, before the verdict was rendered. The Deft. expected to prove, by twelve witnesses, that one of these jurors had expressed a wish to have the Deft. put to death, and had declared shortly after the verdict, to a person inquiring the result, that he had convicted the Deft., and that this was what he intended to do—that another juror had also declared, that the Deft. ought to be executed; and that the third had frequently made the same declaration, with a wish that he might be permitted to do the work of an executioner, or to shoot him as he would a serpent, and put him to death.

Nor would the Court permit the Deft. to show by proofs which he declared on oath to have been unknown to him at the time of the empanelling of the jury, that an array of 12 men, summoned on venire by a deputy sheriff, were, or a considerable part of them, at least, the same persons who had been selected by an Attorney of this Court, who assisted the officer in the service of the summons.

These, and other matters which I will not stop to enumerate, show that this trial, which had been carried through the forms of law, was destitute of the reality of justice, and was but a ceremony preceding conviction. That there is any precedent for it, in the most acrimonious period of the most excited party times in this country, I am not aware from any examination or recollection of its political history.

In a trial of an alleged political offence, involving the feelings of the whole community, and growing out of a condition of affairs which placed the whole people of the State on one side or the other of an exasperated controversy, the strictest and most sacred impartiality should have been observed in the most careful investigation both of law and fact by the jury, and in all the decisions and directions of the court. In what case should they have been more distrustful of the political bias of their own minds, more careful in all their deliberations, more earnest in the avocation of a strength above their own, that they might not only appear to be just, but do justice in a manner so above all suspicion, that the Deft. and all those with whom he is associated, might be satisfied that he had his day in court, and that every requisition of the law had been observed and fulfilled? In how different a spirit were the proceedings of this trial conducted! And with what emotions must the Deft. have listened to the declaration of one of your honors, that "in the hurry of this trial they could not attend to the questions of law, which he so earnestly pressed upon their immediate consideration, as vitally important to the righteous determination of his case!"

The result of this trial, which your sentence is about to proclaim, is the perpetual imprisonment of the Deft. and his seclusion from the face of society, and from all communication with his fellow-men.

Is it too much to say, that the object of his political opponents is the gratification of an insatiable spirit of revenge, rather than the attainment of legal justice? They are also bent upon his political destruction, which results from the sentence of the Court, in the deprivation of his political and civil rights. They aim also at a social annihilation, by his commitment to that tomb of the living, from which, in ordinary cases, those who emerge are looked upon as marked and doomed men, to be excluded from the reputable walks of life. But there my opponents and persecutors are destined to disappointment. The court may, through the consequences of their sentence, abridge the terms of his existence here; they can annihilate his political rights; but more than this they cannot accomplish. The honest judgment of his friends and fellow citizens, resting upon the truth of his cause, and faithful to the dictates of humanity and justice, will not so much regard the place to which he is consigned, as the causes which have led to incarceration within its walls.

Better men have been worse treated than I have been, though not often in a better cause. In the service of that cause I have no right to

suffer hardships, whatever may be the estimate of the injustice which afflicts them.

All these proceedings will be reconsidered by that ultimate tribunal of Public Opinion, whose righteous decision will reverse all the wrongs which may be now committed, and place that estimate upon my actions, to which they may be fairly entitled.

The process of this Court does not reach the man within. The Court cannot shake the convictions of the mind, nor the fixed purpose which is sustained by integrity of heart.

Claiming no exemption from the ingratitude which may attend us in the prosecution of the most important enterprises, and at the same time conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and having acted from good motives, in an attempt to promote the equality and to establish the just freedom and interests of my fellow citizens, I can regard with equanimity this last infliction of the Court; nor would I, even at this extremity of the law, in view of the opinions which you entertain, and of the sentiments by which you are animated, exchange the place of a prisoner at the bar for a seat by your side upon the bench.

The sentence which you will pronounce, to the extent of the power and influence which this court can exert, is a condemnation of the doctrines of '76, and a reversal of the great principles, which sustain and give vitality to our democratic Republic; and which are regarded by the great body of our fellow-citizens, as a portion of the birth-right of a free people.

From this sentence of the Court I appeal to the people of our State and of our country. They shall decide between us. I commit myself without distrust, to their final award. I have nothing more to say.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 16, 1844.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its simple folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW TARIFFS; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM ROME; ECONOMY; RE-THINKING; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious, and if its principles be faithfully and bravely adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

JAMES K. POLK, of Tennessee.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

GEORGE M. DALLAS, of Penn.

FOR ELECTORS AT LARGE.

JAMES W. BRADBURY, of Augusta.

JOHN STICKNEY, of Calais.

State Election, September 9, 1844.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HUGH J. ANDERSON, of Belfast.

FOR SENATORS—OXFORD.

WILLIAM FRYE, of Bethel.

SILAS BARNARD, of Dixfield.

STEPHEN H. CHASE, of Fryeburg.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—OXFORD.

JAMES BURBANK, of Gilead.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—OXFORD.

LEVI STOWELL, of Paris.

THOMAS W. DORR.—We publish, to-day, the reply of this gentleman to the question whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him.—It shows Gov. Dorr to be just the man for his situation. His reply is bold, calm, and collected. We think with him, under all the circumstances, we should prefer the place of the convict in a prison rather than a seat at the side of the presiding Judge.

Mr. Dorr is now confined in the Rhode Island State Prison. He is sentenced to remain there during his natural life. The sentence is partial, unjust and cruel, as the trial was exparte, malignant and unfair.

Will Mr. Dorr live out his life in that prison? No. The whole country will rise up against it. The people will demand his release. And the time is not far distant when the demand will be made in a voice little Rhode Island will not only hear, but obey. So flagrant a violation of the rights of American citizens as secured to them by the Constitution and Declaration of Independence cannot be suffered to pass unpunished. Mr. Dorr must and will be set at liberty.

The people—the Democrats of Rhode Island have already put the ball in motion which is to secure this freedom. At Providence they had a large meeting on the 4th inst. Resolutions were passed reprobating the unjust sentence of the Court, calling it an act of "malice" and "oppression." Several distinguished persons addressed the meeting, among them was Mr. McGee, of Boston, and Judge Cowell, of Rhode Island. A committee was chosen to appoint a future mass meeting.—Such tyranny deserves rebuke, and the actors in it will undoubtedly receive at the hands of an indignant people their just reward.

Riots!—MOROCCH.—As will be seen the Philadelphians have had another serious riot. Most horrid scenes have been enacted. We can scarcely credit the idea that such enormities are committed in a civilized city, and much more in the city of Penn. Such mobs degrade humanity, and are always to be deprecated under all circumstances. But in this case they deserve a double share of condemnation.

The "Native American Party," which we are sorry to say is identified to some extent with the Whig party, has produced all this trouble, distress, loss of life and property. It is high time that a party with such inhuman sentiments and practices should receive the stamp of public scorn and be driven from the pale of all decent society. This persecution of a religious sect, especially one so weak and impotent as the Catholics, is too mean a business for any "Native American" to be engaged in.

The Democrats had a tremendous gathering at Bunker Hill on the 4th. Resolutions were passed in relation to our right to Oregon and in favor of annexing Texas.

THE WHIGS SPEAK WELL OF OUR PROSPECTS.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, a Whig paper, who is on a tour in the South West, says:—"The whole South West is in a blaze of political excitement. Polk and Dallas will carry all before them in this quarter as far as I am able to judge. The last time I travelled on the Western waters was in 1840. Then every body almost seemed in favor of Harrison; now, almost all seem in favor of the Democratic Nominees. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana will go for Polk and Dallas. A Whig on board stated that in his vicinity in 1840, 45 votes were cast for Harrison, all of which would be given to Polk and Dallas with the exception of two or three."

The Whigs are growing sparse in that quarter, according to their own showing. Their ranks will be tremendously thinned if on every arrival of the mail we hear of a change of thirty in one place, forty-five in another, a hundred in another, and five hundred in another, and so on. Wiggery is at a discount and won't pass there.

Chancellor Bibb, of Louisville, Kentucky, has accepted the office of Secretary of the Treasury, tendered to him by President Tyler. As he is quite aged it has been supposed that he would decline such an appointment. By his letter to a committee of the Louisville Bar it seems that he accepts for pecuniary reasons.

He says:—"Nevertheless, as the office and duties of Chancellor are most agreeable to my temper of mind, if the Legislature of Kentucky, in their general views of public policy, had been pleased to afford a salary adequate to the support of myself and family, and commensurate with the arduous duties of this office, I should have preferred to labor in it, rather than in another with the duties of which I am not so familiar."

PORTLAND ON THE 4TH.—Portland was thronged to excess on the 4th. The Mass Celebration was a most splendid exhibition of the Cold Water Army of this State. Many Temperance Societies were represented, in the procession, from all parts of the State. A Brigade called "The Washingtonian," commanded by Capt. John Williams, Jr., full rigged, was drawn through the principal streets of the city, and elicited great applause.—When the Governor passed the line of the "Cold Water Army," in a barouche, he was flooded with nosegays which were thrown in through the window.

There were hundreds of Temperance Banners exhibited on the occasion, one of which had the following inscription:—

"Temperance the Handmaid of Religion." The Governor acted as President of the day. Introducing the services of the meeting—which was held in the open air, no house being large enough to hold the multitude—he made a speech, which was thoroughly temperance, giving the full weight of his character and office to that cause.

After the Governor's address, a prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Bourne, of the Seaman's Bethel, and the Declaration of Independence was read by Rev. Mr. Beecher. The assembly then adjourned till two o'clock P. M. at which time the vast concourse came together, and addresses were delivered by a number of the distinguished friends of temperance.

Everything passed off finely, and nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion. Such a celebration must give a new impetus to the cause of temperance.

STILL THEY COME.—In Pottsville, Penn., a gentleman by the name of J. P. Grease was elected Vice President of the Clay Club of that place. He declined the honor, however, and in his note to the Club he expressed his regret that he could not join the party. "I cannot join your party. I cannot countenance your rivalry and humbug. I am too old and tried a democrat to be bribed with a bubble, and too wide awake to be caught in a Goun trap. With infinite pleasure I assure the fraternity of Coons that there is no Coon here—no how."

ANOTHER INTERSECTION IN THE BRITISH AV. INDIA.—About 300 blacks have risen upon their masters in Dominica, in consequence of which Martial Law has been proclaimed. Several Negroes had been shot. One of the principal inhabitants of the place had had his horse shot from under him and was himself severely wounded. Great excitement and confusion prevailed as late as June 23.

The outbreak was occasioned by an order for taking the census of the Island, the blacks believing that it was with a view of making them pay for the land they had occupied and cultivated since they were free. Later intelligence has been received by way of N. Y. by which we learn that the insurrection has been quelled.

THE PORTLAND BULLETIN, which has for its motto—"Independent in everything—neutral in nothing," has been lecturing the Democrats for circulating "razzies" against Mr. Clay. We should judge that the editor of the Bulletin was nearly related to the Whig party.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A dreadful accident occurred in Haverhill, N. H., on the evening of the 4th inst., by which one person was killed and thirty others injured, some of them severely. The accident was occasioned by the breaking down of the piazza of the Columbian Hotel, on which a great number of persons had assembled to witness a display of fireworks.

Gen. Joseph Sewall, of Bath, has publicly declined being a candidate for Representative to Congress from the Lincoln and Oxford District.

CELEBRATIONS ON THE FOURTH IN THIS STATE.

The Democrats and Whigs celebrated the fourth in various parts of the State. The Whigs planned several in Penobscot County, in order to divert the people and keep them from going to Bangor, but they were miserable failures.

At Bangor the Democrats had as noble meeting.—Hon. Levi Woodbury, of N. Hampshire was present, and addressed the multitude on the occasion. W. B. S. Moore, Esq. of Waterville, and Hon. Shepard Cary, were present and likewise called upon for remarks. The meeting was a great gathering of the true hearted Democracy of the east, and passed off with fine effect.

At Dover the Democrats turned out in great numbers, and celebrated the day in old style. Hon. H. Hamlin, delivered the oration.

Hesekiah William, Esq. has been nominated as the candidate for member of Congress, from the 7th Cong. District composed of Hancock, Washington, and Aroostook.

JOE SMITH IS DEAD.—We suppose he will be greatly missed and lamented, by some of the deluded people of the West. His services have not been very valuable to man-kind, consequently, his death will be hailed by many as a matter of joy, rather than grief.—Now Joe is dead and the Miller theory exploded among all rational persons we must look forward to some new humbug. What will it be?

LOUISIANA ELECTION.

This Election was for members of Congress, members of the Legislature, and Delegates to State Convention.

In the 1st Dist. John Slidel, the Democratic Candidate was re-elected.

In the 2d Dist. The probability is that the Democratic Candidate Labranche, is elected.

Third Dist. John B. Darnson, has been elected without opposition.

Fourth Dist. not heard from.

The entire delegation from this State now in Congress are Democrats, and the probability is that it will continue so.

For the Oxford Democrat.

The Value of Whig Promises.

MR. EDITOR:—Having taken some pains of late to ascertain the present value of Whig promises I beg leave to communicate to the public, through your paper, the result of my investigation. To say nothing of the numerous conflicting promises made in 1840, which it was impossible in the nature of things could be realized, it is sufficient to examine those which had some plausible pretext, and which it was natural for the confiding to expect would be fulfilled. When the leaders of the United States were told they voted for Van Buren they would receive but six and a quarter cents per day with sheep's pluck; if for Harrison two dollars a day and good roast beef; it was natural to suppose that a portion of the beef, at least might have been allowed us if we were cheated out of the two dollars a day. But instead of "beef" or "pork and dollars" they offer us "protection"—protection? yes, such protection as values give to lambs; covering and devoting them.

And they offer to protect our sheep and our wool—eh! And while they protect them we are offered the pluck, served up in coon-gary, from that part of the animal where the abolition party stand to dip it out. Now sir, we want none of their protection, and above all we can place no reliance upon their promises of protection. Why, Sir, what are Whig promises worth? It has been judicially settled upon solemn argument, by the Supreme Court of New York that they are worth nothing. Absolutely nothing. That the most solemn oath, and direct promises in pay create no obligation, and cannot be enforced at law. In the fifth volume of Hall's N. Y. Reports, page 27 it is written:—

"Walker sued Jackson in the Court below, and declared that in the year 1840 the plaintiff erected a certain building on Broadway in the city of New York, commonly called a log cabin, the same being intended for public and other meetings of a certain political party known and designated as the Whig party and for the sale of refreshments; that he suffered great loss and damages by erecting and maintaining the log cabin, and was about to tear it down; and that in consideration that the defendant promised the plaintiff one thousand dollars on the 20th day of November. On the said day it was proved that the plaintiff built the log cabin in 1840 at an expense of \$1000.—In August of that year he said he would take it down unless a certain sum of money was raised. A subscription was opened and nearly two thousand dollars subscribed—but never paid. The plaintiff and defendant then met, and the defendant told the plaintiff that the log cabin must not be taken down until after the election, that he would not suffer the whig flag across Broadway to be struck. That he would pay the \$1000 out of his own pocket by the 20th of November. The plaintiff requested the defendant to give him his note, but defendant refused. His word was his bond, that he would certainly pay him the \$1000 on the 20th of November. The plaintiff then agreed to it, and the log cabin was kept open until after the election, and was used by the whig party for political meetings and for the sale of refreshments and was the whig head quarters in a measure."

On this evidence the plaintiff claimed to recover the \$1000, and the court and jury below seemed inclined to allow the claim—but the superior Court reversed the decision, urging with great force and power that whig promises were worth nothing and cannot be enforced at law.

From which it is plain that on promise however direct and from a full and valuable consideration derives any binding force in law, when made by a whig—in this case the plaintiff expended \$1000 which he lost—and when the sum of \$400 was subscribed and \$1000 more promised on the solemn association that "his word was his bond." Still disappointments and the expense of law suits were the fruits of his confidence.

Democrats of Maine—have you any confidence in whig promises—can you rely on those who violate their faith with impunity and call it no sin. Will you be deluded with the wobbles of sheep, sheep, wool, wool—protection for both—when the sole object is to get the sheep into the owner's fold and perils upon the flock and what wool they are not able to pull over your eyes, they will protect from your wives and children and have unpunished they may be from the civil laws of winter.

Aim then for the contest. The God of battles is on our side and who can stand against us.

"And what though his arm and shoulder, till the heat Of blood stained Pharaoh, left their trembling host; He bade the deep in wild commotion flow, And heaved an ocean on their march below."

What though the banner of whiggery threw out their infected folds to the breeze, from the white house, for one short month, it was but the awful pause that precedes nature's convulsions in which the whole whig party found a common grave. And what though they elected "Tyler too." A most special Providence attended it, for had John Tyler been any less a man, the deadly fangs of a monster tank would have penetrated the vitals of this republic, and had he been more a man, he would never have been elected Vice President of the United States by the Whig party.

TYRO.

For the Oxford Democrat.

MR. EDITOR.—The whig delegation to the State Convention from Tunker, returned yesterday about the ghostly hour when night and morning meet—not to contradictory are their statements of the occurrences of the day, that it is quite doubtful that all found their way to the Capital. One may say the convention was opened by an address to the justly offended Majesty of Heaven, that the sins of the Whig party of eighteen hundred forty and onward, might be forgiven and the signal vengeance, that has attended all their movements, might be averted.—by Her, gentlemen, just turned off youth, complexion light, and hair red.

Another, that the person to whom he listened in the above capacity, was at least fifty years old—complexion, and hair quite dark—so it seems that while one portion, confessed their sins before High Heaven, in one place, others listened to the harangue of some hard ended rapturist in another.

But fortunate indeed would have been the voyage, had this been the only mistake. In the distribution of animals from the grand meadow a live coon fell to the lot of the Tunker delegation, with which they reach Town at the time above mentioned—but on transferring him to an apothecary shop for a temporary residence the weary animal made a Kilnslip slope and in haste crossed the street entered an apothecary shop, and the general commotion without, and the fumes of his nocturnal visit within; lay locked in sleep, and the arm of a beautiful wife, till his faithful dog from a safe elevation upon the stair case showed unequivocal signs of light.

"Wife!" said our friend, as he snuffed the midnight air, "there is a skunk, or a whig delegate in the house," and he struck up a light the afflicted animal, finding he had "waked the wrong passenger," made good his retreat but only to fall into the untroubled arms of his old keepers, who by this time thronged the door, and conveyed him safely to the design, ed resting place. Deep, and solemn, were the respirations that followed—but few words were spoken, and those in suppressed whispers.

In the morning an examination of the animal took place, when mirable dict—it was found they had been woefully impaled upon at head quarters. It was not the animal contracted for—his stripes went the wrong way. OXFORD CON.

For the Oxford Democrat.

FRIEND MILLIKETT.—One of the most innocent and delightful little parties, that can well be imagined was got up at their village yesterday, and as their happy faces decked in the smiles of joyous youth, looked out gaily to the morning air; a band of Masters and Misses from eight to twelve years old, of which there is a large proportion in the place, repaired to an arbor on the bank of the Twenty mile river prepared by the Ladies for this purpose, when the young Ladies spread and served up a collection of cakes, pies, and sweetmeats, in the most approved style, ornamented their dishes, and, with richly spangled bouquets, while from the lattice work of the green bow, peeped the rosy, pink, blue-lille, and carnations of the brightest hue.

Here went up the merry shout, and here the elastic step of youth threaded the merry ring, when the time allotted for their amusements had expired, a motion was made to give three cheers for Polk and Dallas, when one young Lady withdrew from the bow, and the unanimous shout went laughing on the evening breeze, chased over the silent water at their feet, by the clapping of soft hands in sweet dextrology to the closing day. AMOROUS.

PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.

LATEST FROM PHILADELPHIA.

THE MOB FIRED UPON BY THE MILITARY AND NUMBERS KILLED! TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT—UNPARALLELED STATE OF THINGS!

We have heart-rending news from Philadelphia to-day.—The riots have recommenced with terrible ferocity. Blood has been spilled—the People have been killed by the Soldiery—Heaven knows where it is to end.

At an early hour on the evening of the 6th, thousands began to collect in the vicinity of St. Philip de Nere Church, Queen street, in Southwark, Darnet, and strong demonstrations of violence were repeatedly manifested on the part of many present. The Military were also upon the ground, with a strong body of Police, who took possession of the Church. Several parties of cannon were drawn up in solemn array, and the whole scene was one calculated to strike horror to the most stout-hearted. But to the present state of affairs. At 11 o'clock, General Caldwell gave several orders for the cannon firing the church, as well as masonry, to be fired upon the multitude present. Hon. Charles Naylor, late Member of Congress from the Third District, interfered, and begged General C. to countermand his order, alleging that sooner than he would allow citizens murdered, he would die himself. He was then arrested, placed in the Church, where he was detained until 12 o'clock the next day, when about 2000 marched in front of the building, demanding his release, placing a cannon, charged to the muzzle, at the same time facing the main entrance. A battering ram caused the doors to give way, when the force entered, the military, released Mr. Naylor, and escorted him home to 5th street, where amid shouts of applause. Here he addressed them, and exhorted all to retire to their homes.

At about half-past one, the Irish Green, who had a large party, were indignantly—of the Church, were assailed, driven out, and forced to leave the ground, under promise of protection, provided they would open the paws of their matchlocks. This they did not do, and were consequently assailed in return; they whirled and fired, shooting one or two persons.

The military having arrived, the Committee who had charge and had afforded ample protection to the church during the afternoon, gave it up to Gen Caldwell and the soldiery, came out of the building, and proceeded in files of two, arm-in-arm, down Queen to Second street, and turned down Second Street. The military took up line in front of the church. As the latter part of the Native Committee were turning the corner of Second street an intoxicated man interfered with the military, caught hold of an officer's sword, and some boys threw stones. The officer in command then retired behind his men, and the sword never has been seen since. He was then arrested, placed in the Church, where he was detained until 12 o'clock the next day, when about 2000 marched in front of the building, demanding his release, placing a cannon, charged to the muzzle, at the same time facing the main entrance. A battering ram caused the doors to give way, when the force entered, the military, released Mr. Naylor, and escorted him home to 5th street, where amid shouts of applause. Here he addressed them, and exhorted all to retire to their homes.

The military at the time of the discharge of their matchlocks were in line, with the left flank upon the wharves, and the right flank upon the church. They fired several times, discharging many bullets and shrapnel, and the discharge would have done more death and destruction. There were two volleys fired, one upon Second street, the other down, they were fired by the City Guards and Cavalry.

A large number were killed and wounded. Some of the persons who were some distance from the soldiers—some were struck at while in allegiances, who had retreated on the pavement in Queen street.

THE LATEST.

12 O'CLOCK, NIGHT.—After the meeting at the market, the Naylor relief, and kept up a continued fire with muskets and field pieces, up to 11 o'clock; the soldiers returned the fire with great effect. Some persons dashed from behind walls and fired at the cavalry and soldiery; but as to the number of killed and wounded, it is impossible to ascertain, for it is not only dangerous to walk the streets, but the officers refuse to furnish intelligence.

Death of Joe Smith, the Mormon.

[From the Quincy Herald.]

Death of the Prophet—Joe and Hyrum Smith are Dead. The Steamboat Boreas, just in from Warsaw, brings shocking intelligence from the scene of the Mormon war. The following report from the office of the Warsaw Signal explains the sad and tragical story.

Joe Smith and Hyrum are dead—about this afternoon. An attack from the Mormons is expected every hour. Will not the surrounding counties rush instantly to our rescue? If so, June 27th, 1844.

It seems that the circumstances attending the killing the Mormons are as follows:—On yesterday, Gov. Ford left Carthage with about 120 soldiers for the purpose of taking possession of the "Nauvoo Legion" and their arms. They arrived at Nauvoo about noon, and called for the assembling of the Legion.

About 2000 men with arms immediately responded to its call. These troops were put under command of Col. Singleton, of Brown county, who accompanied Gov. Ford to Nauvoo.

The Governor finding all quiet, left Nauvoo about 5 o'clock, P. M. with a company of sixty men for the purpose of contemplating about seven miles from the city.

At about the same time that Gov. Ford left Nauvoo, the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were killed at Carthage under the following circumstances, as near as we can ascertain them:—Joe and Hyrum were both confined in the debtors' room of Carthage jail, awaiting the trial on the charge of treason. The jail was strongly guarded by soldiers and anti-Mormons, who had been placed there by the Governor.

A Mormon attempted to run by the guard for the purpose of forcing his way into the jail. He was opposed by the guard, and fired a pistol at one of the guard, giving him a slight wound.

A general confusion ensued in the crowd round the jail.—Joe and his Mormon fellow prisoners it seems had provided themselves with pistols, and commenced firing upon the guard within. He then attempted to escape from the window, when a hundred balls entered his body, and he fell a lifeless corpse. His brother Hyrum shared the same fate. Richards, a leading Mormon, was badly wounded. There are no intelligible words which took place after this fatal news of the death of the Prophet. It is feared that the Mormons at Nauvoo will be so exasperated as to exterminate the Governor and his small force.

The Boreas brought down most of the women and children from Warsaw. It is feared that they will be taken before they can be rescued. Our citizens were aroused this morning by the ringing of bells and a call to arms. Our three independent companies are already in marching order. Major Flood has ordered out the militia of this regiment, and the steamer Boreas is waiting to convey them to the scene of action.

Messengers have just left for Hannibal and the towns below for the purpose of arousing the Missourians. This excitement in our city is intense, and the anxiety to hear the fate of Gov. Ford and his men is very great.

THY CHANCE BY HUNDREDS.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer says:—"We have the recitation of over one hundred straight Harrison Whigs, which we shall publish next week over their own signatures. Stand from under—Cooks are getting scarce."

COL. POLK AND THE TARIFF.

Col. Polk's views relative to a tariff will be found fully expressed in the letter below. They are such as will be approved of by the great mass of the people of the United States. They are sound judicious equitable.

"Columbia, Tenn., June 1844.

Dear Sir—I have received recently several letters in reference to my opinions on the subject of the tariff, and among others, yours of the 30th ultimo. My opinions on this subject have been often given to the public discussions in which I have participated.

I am in favor of a tariff for revenue, such a one as will yield a sufficient amount, economically administered, to defray the expenses of the government. As a means of revenue, it is in my opinion, the best that can be devised. In adjusting the details, a rate discriminating in favor of the domestic industry, is needed, and at the same time afford reasonable protection to our home industry. I am opposed to a tariff for protection merely, and not for revenue.

Acting upon these general principles, it is well known that I gave my support to the policy of General Jackson's administration on this subject. I voted against the tariff act of 1833. I voted for the act of 1834, which contained modifications of some of the objectionable provisions of the act of 1833. As a member of the committee of ways and means of the House of Representatives, gave my assent to a bill reported by that committee in December, 1833, making further modifications of the act of 1833, and making also discriminations in the impositions of the duties which it proposed. That bill did not pass, but was superseded by the bill commonly called the compromise bill, for which I voted.

In my judgment it is the duty of the government to extend, as far as it may be practicable to do so, by its revenue laws and all other means within its power, and just protection to all the great interests of the whole Union, embracing agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce and navigation. I heartily approve the resolutions upon this subject, passed by the Democratic National Convention, lately assembled at Baltimore.

I am, with great respect,
Dear Sir your obedient servant,
JAMES K. POLK.
J. K. Kane, Esq., Philadelphia.

MR. POLK'S PRIVATE CHARACTER.—Here is a sketch of the personal character of Mr. Polk, brilliantly drawn by the hand of a master. It is from a speech delivered by George Bancroft, the historian, at the great democratic meeting held at Concord, New Hampshire, on the 24th of June.

"In presenting to you the name of James K. Polk, of Tennessee, for the office of President, my first word said Mr. Bancroft, is this—his private life is pure. From boyhood, the career of James K. Polk has been unsullied. At the University he was noticed for his sobriety and diligence, obtaining the highest honors in his class. He is ignorant of every game of hazard; he knows nothing of cards; his hand is never seen at a table. Without taking the pledge, and without pretension he abstains from the use of ardent spirits, and illustrates by his example the virtue of strict temperance. In a word, his private character is unblemished as a man and a Christian. I say this reluctantly. Religion is the best possession in the world, and the last to be spoken of. It should dwell quietly in the heart and rule the life; not be hawked about as a commodity; nor scored up like a rusty buckler for protection; nor be worn over the shoulders like a banner for parade. I have said this reluctantly; but suffice on the present occasion might be misinterpreted, and it is due to our candidate to say that his integrity and purity, and attachment to his early instructions in religious duty are such, that in the present canvass he does not need to hide his life behind the screen of another man's sanctity."

GOV. POLK—COL. BENTON.—It is said that the first remark which Col. Benton made in the nomination of Gov. Polk, was "Polk will carry Missouri by ten thousand majority." Col. Benton we believe, has never failed in any of his prophecies. The democracy of Missouri will take care that he shall not be mistaken in this one.—Missourian.

LINCOLN COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County are requested to meet by their delegates at the Court House in Wisconsin on THURSDAY the first day of August next at 10 o'clock A. M., for the following purposes, viz:

- 1st. To select a candidate to be supported by the Democratic Republicans of the Fourth Congressional District for Representative to the next Congress, in accordance with the vote passed at a Convention of said District held at Lewiston on the 16th day of August last.
- 2nd. To select two candidates to be supported for Senators for said county.
- 3rd. To select a candidate to be supported for Commissioners for said county.
- 4th. To select a candidate to be supported for Treasurer for said county.
- 5th. To take such action upon the selection of a candidate for an Elector of President and Vice President for the 4th Congressional District as circumstances may require, and act upon any other business that may properly come before them.

The ratio of representation will be as follows: viz. All towns and regularly organized plantations, that cast at the Presidential election in 1840, more than 75 Democratic votes to send one delegate, towns and plantations casting 75 Democratic votes and under 150 two delegates, 150 and under 225 three delegates, 225 and under 300 four delegates, 300 and under 375 five delegates, 375 and under 450 six delegates, 450 and under 525 seven delegates, 525 and under 600 eight delegates, 600 and under 75 nine delegates.

Per order of County Committee.

RESPECT FOR THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen, the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency, in a speech in the Senate, in 1834, declared "IT WAS NO PART OF HIS BELIEF THAT A REPRESENTATIVE MUST FOLLOW THE VOICE OF HIS CONSTITUENTS."—New Bedford Register.

At the late Whig Convention, the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved that we are opposed to the Annexation of Texas to the United States at any time, or under any circumstances."

Some of the Whig papers (the N. Y. Tribune, for one) have admitted that Mr. Clay, using the shocking language addressed to Mr. Polk, while speaker of the House: "Go home G—d—n you where you belong." Such offensive language is no objection however, for they continue to support him with the same zeal.

Front on the fourth inst.—There was a heavy frost in the upper part of New Hampshire on the fourth and snow was several inches deep on the white mountains.

LATER FROM NAUVOO.

The bodies of Joseph and Hiram Smith have been received at Nauvoo. There was no trouble in consequence. Concerning the feeling at Nauvoo, the Louisville Journal of the 3d says:

"We have seen a gentleman who was in Nauvoo on Friday and who informs us that all was then quiet there, the prominent Mormons exhorting their followers to offer no insult or molestation to any one, and in no case to offer violence except in strict self-defence. The deep grief and affliction prevailed the city. There appeared to be no danger of the burning of Warsaw or Carthage."

"DISCUSSION."

The Federal presses are raking over a few meetings at the South, where resolutions were adopted in favor of Texas, and threatening dissolution if Texas is not annexed. All this will answer as an offset to certain meetings in Massachusetts, which have resolved to dissolve the Union, if Texas is annexed. Nothing is to be made out of such intemperance and over zealous expressions on either side. It is mere silliness, to parade them as expressions of any considerable numbers of the people.—Age.

A CLAY MEDAL.

Clay medals were hawked about here, on the day of the federal State Convention. Upon them, was this motto:—"Protection to manufactures."

This illustrates Whiggery, in very few words. The Whigs go for protecting "Manufactures" solely and exclusively.

The Democrats go for protecting agriculture, commerce, navigation, the mechanic arts, manufactures, and all other great interests, IMPARTIALLY.—Age.

Gen. Jackson, in a letter to Gen. Plough, under date of June 14, writes as follows:—"I think Polk and Dallas will get 20 States, if not 22, out of the 26. Let Texas be the watchword, and victory is certain."

The Madisonian of Thursday says, that information has recently reached the department of State that her Britannic Majesty has extended pardon (subject to the usual condition of good behavior while resident there) to the 19 American prisoners, now in Van Dieman's Land.

TRANSCENDENT PIETY. The 1st Presbyterian Church, Uica, closed its doors to J. Pierpont the poet and philanthropist, against a moral reform lecture—but opened it and admitted the theatrical fiddler OLE BULL!

The Pittsburghers are improving on the Yankee notions of wooden nutmegs, basswood hams and other fancy articles. One of the papers innocently says, "there are a good many tricky people in that region. The other day a stone weighing half a pound was found in a lump of butter offered for sale in market by a 'highly respectable' old lady, and a few days previously an advance was obtained from a Pittsburgh merchant on 200 barrels of potash, which turned out to be paving-stones."

A Whig Preacher in Connecticut, in a recent Fast day sermon, counselled his congregation to look well to the morals of men whom they put in office. He named no man as unworthy of their support for lack of morals; but the consciences of his whig hearers applied the discourse to Henry Clay, and they have actually attacked Dr. Bushnell in the newspapers for advising them to vote for moral men!

An Irish beggar pretending to be speechless, was thrown of his guard by the question of "How many years have you been dumb?" and answered, "Five years; an' please your honor!"

The whigs complain that we do not say enough about Mr. Polk. We have said all we know of him so far as relates to his career; besides, the whigs keep us too busy with them to leave us much time.—Liberty Standard.

An old woman, who on looking in her glass, found it too faithfully reflected her sunken eyes, wrinkled face and laded complexion, said—"They do not make mirrors now, as well as they used to do."

A clergyman in a neighboring town recently gave his audience notice to hold a meeting for the purpose of deciding what color the church should be re-tinted.

Men is an imbedded paradox, a bundle of contradictions, and as some set off against the marvelous things that he has done, we might fairly adduce the monstrous things that he has believed. The more gross the fraud, the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence.

No, Catherine, said Patrick to his wife, "you never catch a lie coming out of my mouth." "You may well say that," replied Kate, "they fly out so fast, that nobody can catch 'em."

In London they sell rats with artificial tails attached for gray squirrels.—Ex. pa.

A colored man has been admitted to practice at the Cumberland bar.

A gentleman upon being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steamboat boiler exploded, is said to have replied that he was so used to being blown up by his wife, that more steam had no effect upon him.

Mr. Gough at the Auburn Prison.

A letter from a gentleman in Auburn, to the Journal of Commerce, dated July 1st, says, "Yesterday Rev. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Gough paid a visit to our village. I went with them to the State Prison at 9 o'clock; which is the Chapelin's hour on Sunday morning. The prisoners, more than eight hundred in number, densely filled the large chapel. A large choir sung with much propriety the hymn, 'Another six days' work is done,' when the throne of grace was frequently addressed by the Rev. Mr. Marsh. Mr. Gough then spoke for an hour, giving the prisoners both his own and their experience, in his graphic, touching style. It was a deeply interesting hour. The hard features of the prisoners were soon softened; the tear started and flowed freely down many a rough cheek, as he carried them back to the days of childhood, when the mother's soft hand came over their forehead, and mother taught them to pray, and they passed from innocence to crime, and were separated, many of them perhaps, from pleasant homes, to exaltate here the bitterness of crime. The grog shops were arrayed before them as their greatest enemy, spared as so many snares and traps all over the country, ready to allure and destroy them the moment they should again go out into the world; and when asked to declare their determination never to enter them again, and never to taste the intoxicating cup, a forest of hands went up, and a bright gleam of hope seemed to shine forth from every countenance. Mr. Gough spent the remainder of the forenoon in conversing with prisoners in their cells; gathering facts for future use; and in the evening he addressed an immense assembly at the first Presbyterian church. It is believed that the visit of these gentlemen will give a new impetus to the Temperance cause here."

"Willy," said a doting parent at the breakfast table to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the High School, "Willy, my dear, will you pass the butter?" "Thirtynine this—it takes me to parthe any thing. Butter id a common thub-thantive, neuter gender, with with hot buck-wheat cakes, and is governed thugarhough molathes understood."

It won't do for a young lady to presume that more than a third of the gentleman who show her pointed attention, have the most distant idea of marrying her."

"Hold up your head and let us have a blow out," as the cherry tree said to the weeping willow,

READ THIS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

THE virtues of these Pills are now cheerfully and universally acknowledged by their great popularity and extensive circulation, and few who peruse this article will be surprised to find that they are so highly recommended, and many will be ready to add the testimonial of their own experience in favor of this delightful medicine.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are designed to ASSIST NATURE in restoring the various organs to a healthy action, by cleansing the stomach and purifying the whole system from those morbid and corrupt humors which in most cases are the cause of disease, and thus gives to the patient health for sickness, and cheerfulness for despondency.

The unparalleled success which has attended the use of these Pills has introduced some unprincipled persons to manufacture a SPURIOUS ARTICLE, which they endeavor to palm on the unsuspecting as the GENUINE MEDICINE, hence the importance of purchasing only of the regular authorized Agent, N. H. Kneeland, Thomas Grosvenor is the only regular authorized Agent for the sale of the above invaluable medicine in this Village, and do not purchase elsewhere, if you would be sure of obtaining the GENUINE MEDICINE.—Jan 84

MARRIED.

In Canton, Mr. William H. Caldwell, of Rutherford, to Miss Elizabeth McAllister.

In Bangor, June 26, John Wyman, Esq. to Miss Nancy P. Davis.

DIED.

In this Town, on Wednesday last, Miss Martha Ann, daughter of Mr. Phineas Morse, aged 18 years.

In Portland, John Houston, Esq. of Exeter, N. H. aged 80 years.

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN ON Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Store of J. W. Marble, in Paris, in said county, on Saturday the 17th day of August next at one o'clock P. M. all the right which Joseph B. Morton, of Paris, has in equity to redeem the following described real estate, to wit:—Three fourths of an acre of land with the buildings thereon situated at South Paris, Cape, and there were mortgaged to Sign' Deering Sept. 11, 1833, to secure the payment of \$825, and interest annually, payable in two, three, four, and five years, and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 22—page 269, where reference is had. Also a small shop standing near the Factory Boating House at said South Paris Cape. The first named premises together with said shop are mortgaged to secure the payment of one other sum of two hundred and thirty-five dollars and interest annually. Said mortgage is dated June 7th, 1843, and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 67—page 334, where reference is had. This same having been attached on the original writ.

SAMUEL CUMMINGS, Deputy Sheriff.
Paris, July 3, 1844.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, I shall sell at public Vendue on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in Paris in said County, the River Farm so called in said Town belonging to the Estate of Ebenezer Rawson late of said Paris deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges. Terms of sale made known at the time of sale—here is a late opportunity to invest money in real Estate most eligibly situated.

E. G. LAWSON, Administrator.
July 13, 1844.

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE.

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANTON MILLS, ME.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—WATERFORD.

NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresident proprietors and owners of land & other real estate in the town of Waterford, in the county of Oxford and State of Maine, that the following taxes are in the hands of the Treasurer, and are due for the year 1843 and deficient highway for 1842, has been returned to me by the Collector of said town for the purpose of advertising, viz:—

Names or unknown.	Loc.	Range.	Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Highway deficiency.	Art. & Ind.
Artemus Brown place,			5	125	1.36		
Moses Bishop place,			24	250	2.73		
Benjamin Kilgorn, Jr. farm,			74	500	5.45		
Jeremiah Kimball farm,			115	150	1.64		
Jona. Stone,			65	600	6.54		
Wm. K. Wilkins farm,			65	300	3.27		
Humphrey Sanders farm,			12	5	250	2.73	
Charles H. Everett,			1	75	.82		
Charles Hale,			1	30	.33		
James Osgood,			60	120	1.31	58	1.89
S. part Swan farm,							
Unknown,			11	4	200	600	6.54
Lewis Jewell, E. Jewell place,			17	900	9.81		
Jere. Woodard, Beals' Mill,			6	250	2.73		
Sampson and others,			7	150	1.64	72	2.36
Cabot Lot,			7	110	500	5.45	
P. Jones,			12	110	200		96
John Lord, E. part			8	150	1.64		96
Loell,			8	180	1.74	77	2.51
Richard Houghton,			80	300	3.27		
Wm. Stone farm,			80	750	8.13	3,46	11.64
Joel Altherton farm,			57	400	4.36		
John Chamberlain farm,			9	300	3.27	72	2.36
O. S. Coffey,			55	600	6.54		
Joshua Mayberry,			18	700	7.63		
A. Mayberry farm,			16	400	4.36		
Wm. B. Haskins farm,			4	600	6.54		
O. Hale Jr. C. P. Kimball farm			120	1000	10.90		
House and Garden,			11	120	100	43	904
Daniel Young place,			80	1100	5.23	6,22	
John Robbins, N. part			8	150	1.64	2,40	8.40
Calvin Powers, W. part,			60	125	1.36		
Jewett Jr. Blacksmith shop,			14	750	8.13		
Loth. Hayes house & shop,			95	16,50	17.99		
O. Hale Jr. W. p. O. Hale farm			120	1000	10.90		
Wm. V. Stone farm,			80	1100	5.23	6,22	
C. F. Jones,			8	150	1.64	2,40	8.40
Calvin Farrier's heirs,			60	1100	5.23	6,22	
H. H. Kneeland, Beals' Mill,			8	150	1.64	2,40	8.40

SPROUT HARGOOD, Treasurer of Waterford.
Waterford, July 15th, 1844.

STATE OF MAINE.

[L. s.] Oxford, ss: To the Sheriff of our County of Oxford, or his Deputy, Greeting:

WE command you to attach the goods or estate of RAY B. WHITE, of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, to the value of fifty dollars, and summon the said if he may be found in your precinct, to appear before our Justice of the Peace for said County of Oxford, on the second Monday of June, A. D. 1844, then and there in our said Court to answer unto Albert F. Stanley, of Wintthrop, in the County of Kennebec, Physician, in a plea of the case, for that the said R. B. White at said Dixfield on the day of the purchase of this writ being indebted to the plaintiff in the sum of three dollars and sixty cents, according to the account annexed, then and there in consideration thereof promised the plaintiff to pay him the same sum on demand.—Also for that the said Def. at Wintthrop to wit at Paris on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1839, by his note of hand, by him signed promised one J. J. Dakin to pay him or order four dollars and sixty cents on demand and interest after forty days, a time now past, and the said J. J. Dakin by his endorsement in writing by him signed ordered the contents thereof to be paid to the plaintiff.—Also for that the said Def. at Wintthrop on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1842, by his note of hand by him signed for value received promised one L. B. White to pay him or his order the sum of ten dollars on demand with interest, and the said L. B. White by his endorsement in writing by him signed ordered the contents thereof to be paid to the plaintiff.—Also for that the said Def. at Wintthrop on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1842, by his note of hand by him signed for value received promised one L. B. White to pay him or his order the sum of ten dollars on demand with interest, and the said L. B. 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